

Have You Bought
a Tag?

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Only 31 Days 'Til
April Fool's Day

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1940

SIX PAGES

Finnish Tag Sale Gets Warm Welcome on Campus

Russian Pact Forced on Hitler By Generals Claims Rosita Forbes in Con Hall Lecture

Noted Speaker, World-wide Traveller, Lectures Under Auspices of National Council of Education

ALLIED VICTORY CERTAIN

Gives Personal Impressions of the Big Three, Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini—Mannerheim Like Roosevelt

That the Allies should continue to fight with unrelenting vigor while they have something to fight for, that is, their ideals of freedom and thought, action and religion, was the opinion expressed by Miss Rosita Forbes in an address before a large audience in Convocation Hall on Tuesday evening.

"Unlike the people of Abyssinia, who had nothing to fight for, because the Abyssinian Empire simply did not exist, we have everything that is decent and righteous to fight for," she said.

Slide-Rule Men Prepare For Big Scale Offensive

E.S.S. Election Parade to Far Surpass Any Previous Campaign

SPEECHES MARCH 6

Each Engineering Section to Stage Mammoth Demonstration

"The election will far exceed anything that ever happened last year," Unquote. Thus spoke Murray Bolton, secretary of the E.S.S., when asked about the Engineering Students' election, which is slated for early March.

We have his assurance that it will undoubtedly be the most spectacular performance of the year. Again we quote: "Fanfare, loud speakers, really big stuff!"

That is just an inkling of what will take place when the Engineers swoop down on the campus. Any one who remembers the excitement, the noise and general confusion in the corridors of the Arts building during the Engineers' parade, will realize what to expect next month.

Each section of the faculty will again be responsible for part of the performance, and each will be trying to outdo the other in excellence. The motif, like that of the Year Book, is being kept secret.

Nominations for the positions of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer must be in the hands of Murray Bolton, E.S.S. secretary, Tuesday, March 6.

Regular meeting of the E.S.S. will be held in M-142 Wednesday, March 6, at which time election promises will be aired.

S.C.M. HYMN-BOOK NOW IS AVAILABLE

Copies of the S.C.M. hymn book, published last year after several years' preparation, are now on sale at the price of 1.00 each in the University Book Store. This new book was published by the Association Press, New York, in 1939, for the Council of North American Student Christian Movements, and replaces a similar volume produced in 1930. Of the 1930 edition, well over 10,000 copies were sold, and the new revised version is expected to exceed it in popularity.

The book is well bound and contains the words and music of more than two hundred and thirty hymns. Many of the less familiar, but exceedingly beautiful Welsh, German and Austrian tunes are included, as well as some traditional Hebrew melodies and several Bach chorales. The editors, Murray Brooks of Canada and Helen Morton of U.S.A., who also edited the previous edition, have made careful revisions with the aid of the music departments of Harvard, Columbia, Vassar, Wellesley, Stanford and Chicago universities. A section of worship material, edited by Mrs. Reinhold Niebuhr of New York, and containing orders of service, calls to worship, prayers and litanies is added.

Prof. L. H. Nichols, University organist, is familiar with this book, and says: "I think the book on the whole has all the best hymns that I know with the very finest tunes. There is an extremely broad selection of words to suit all tastes and creeds."

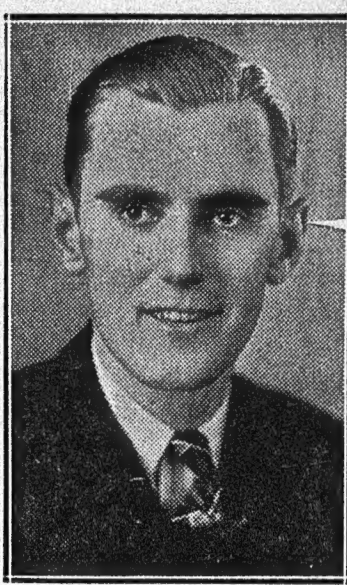
NOTICE

The Varsity Christian Fellowship meets every Wednesday from 12:30-1:30 p.m., in A426, for Bible study and discussion. Everyone is very welcome to come. On Tuesday, from 12:30-1 p.m. a meeting for a short time of prayer is held. Bring your



Don McCormick, who was elected President of the Philharmonic Society for the year 1940-41, when the society held its party in Convocation Hall Monday night. Don was Business Manager this year.

PROMINENT FIGURES



Judd Bishop, Secretary of the Union, who will act as Returning Officer in the Students' Union elections, March 13.



Miss Florence Dodd, Dean of Women, will act as hostess at the Pembina Dance, Tuesday night. This is an annual affair for the residence girls.

Artie Shaw Tops Wurlitzer Derby

Going strong in spite of the menace of the approaching examinations, is the old juke box in Big Tuck. Seems the students can't do without their session with the Music Masters of America. This week's number one favorite is that king of the clarinet, Artie Shaw, and his rendition of Begin the Beguine. Coming out of this smooth jungle rhythm, tuck-goers have chosen Careless as second sentimental ditty. This record is by Glen Miller, recognized as the Swing Monarch for 1940, and another disc by the same maestro of the slush-pump follows in third place. This is that reminder of warmer weather, Indian Summer.

The worthy ancestors of the ancient Chinese philosopher, Kung-Fu-Tze, would rise up in defence of their venerable countryman if they knew that Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians were selected by the students of the University of Alberta as number four favorite on the Hit Parade, with Confucius Say. Getting back into a faster tempo is number five, Blues on Parade, as played by Woody Herman. Sixth position goes to Kay Kayser and his band as they ask Holy Smokes Can't You Take a Joke?

submarine warfare are not costing Germany very much. Hitler, the speaker stated, has not made up his mind when to wage real war.

The German leader claimed that he had no secret weapons, that it was man power that would win the war.

With this Miss Forbes agreed, saying, "Propaganda will not win the war, nor will the blockade, but the nation with the most men and weapons will emerge the victor."

Discrediting any reports that revolution was imminent in Germany, the speaker asserted that this would not happen until there was a real victory resulting in a revolution in the army. Fully ninety per cent. of the German people are backing Hitler because he has restored Germany to power, because of the ambition of the Germans to dominate Europe, and lastly because of a fear of what might happen should they disagree.

Russia

In Miss Forbes' opinion the only difference between Germany and Russia is a spirit of nationalism. Both ideals are working towards the same end, and events of the past year are but the closing of the circle joining the two.

During the course of several visits to Russia, the speaker had the opportunity to get a close-up view of present day Russia. Russia, to her mind, is not and has not been truly Communist for many years. Rather a type of state capitalism prevails.

Russian officials throughout the country did not make extravagant claims for their country. Plans were made with a view to the future, and present day failures count for naught. These same officials, she thought, suffered from an inferiority complex, overwhelmed as it were by the magnitude of their undertaking and by the size of the country. This led to many of the cruel atrocities and "liquidations" perpetrated in Russia.

Joseph Stalin, Miss Forbes found to be a silent, bitter, desperate, slow thinking man of peasant stock, more suited to rule some despotic oriental state than a European power. He is a firm disciple of Lenin, and lives but to carry out the ideals of his leader.

The present Finnish campaign is not of Stalin's choosing. He himself said to Miss Forbes that "Russia

Announce Polling Date In Election of 1940-41 Council

Students to Select New Executive—Sixteen Positions Open

HECTIC CAMPAIGN

Dominion election and provincial voting will step into the background in March as students of the University go to the polls to select the perfect government for the Students' Union. Election date is Wednesday, March 13th, and indications have it that the political pot will certainly be boiling over by the time that ominous date rolls around.

Soon the halls will be showered with political propaganda, leaflets of every size and description, all proclaiming that such and such a candidate is the man for such and such an office. Loud speakers will blare at you from the Med and Engineering buildings, and cigars will undoubtedly be passed out.

No candidates have as yet been nominated, but should someone come up to you, call you by your first name and pat your back, you need go no further. There is a candidate for the Students' Council.

Nominations must be in the hands of Judd Bishop, secretary of the Students' Union between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., Wednesday, March 6.

Each nomination must be signed by nine bona-fide members of the Students' Union and have the signature of the nominee, indicating his acceptance. In this regard, Section II, subsections 1 and 2, of the Students' Union Act should be carefully studied.

Elections will be held between the hours of nine and five on Wednesday, March 13, and such polling booths as may be required will be provided by the returning officer.

A general students' meeting will take place in Convocation Hall, 11:30 Tuesday morning, March 12. Lectures and labs will be canceled. Candidates will be allowed to mount their soap boxes and outline their policies, hoping that their appeal will carry them to councillor's seats.

Following are the offices open for nomination:

President of the Students' Union. Vice-President of the Students' Union.

Secretary of the Union. Treasurer of the Union.

President Literary Association. Secretary Literary Association.

President Waukena Society. President of Men's Athletics.

Secretary-Treas. Men's Athletic. President Women's Athletics.

Secretary Women's Athletics. Applied Science Representative.

Arts and Science Representative. Agriculture Representative.

Law Representative. Medicine Representative.

D. McCormick Will Head Philharmonic

Donald McCormick was elected head of the Philharmonic Society for the coming season of the University at the annual party of the group, held in Convocation Hall Monday night.

Miss Betty Towerton was elected vice-president and John Leask secretary-treasurer. Other positions on the executive board were left to be filled at a later date.

Members of the cast of "Iolanthe" and others who assisted in the production of this year's opera, nearly 120, were present at the gathering. Presentations were made to Thomas Dalkin, G. A. Kevan and Atha Andrews for their work in directing various parts of the production.

Neil Davidson, past president, was in charge of the arrangements.

New Med Society Hear Dr. Cameron On Eastern War

Visitor From Peking, China, Describes Japanese Invasion of China

TO MED UNDERGRAD SOCIETY

Praises Canadian Medical Men Working in Far East

First guest speaker of the new Medical Undergraduate Society was Dr. John Cameron of Peking Union Medical School in Peking, China. Dealing with medical education in the Far East, with special regard for the present Sino-Japanese conflict, Dr. Cameron last Thursday entertained the gathering with his dour Scottish witticisms.

Beginning with the start of the great Rockefeller philanthropies for research after the noted American had read part of a book written by a Canadian, Dr. William Osler, and describing the foundation and growth of the Rockefeller endowed Union Medical School for the training of Chinese doctors, Dr. Cameron showed the progress of education in China during his twenty years in that country.

The Japanese invasion of China has thoroughly upset the coastal provinces, especially the financial end of things, but the large part of the country is, and probably always will be, Chinese. Twenty years of life in China have shown this to Dr. Cameron, but experience has taught him that prophecies about these people are always wrong, and he would not give an opinion on the possible outcome of the present war.

Paying tribute to Canadians in the Far East, Dr. Cameron stated, as he has stated in Japan, Germany, England and the United States, that the best nurses in the world are the Canadian nurses. They are absolutely indispensable in hospitals in China. He also praised the efforts of a Toronto doctor, Professor of Anatomy at Peking, who discovered the skull of the Peking man (who eventually turned out to be a woman).

Illustrating his talk with maps, all forms of Chinese paper currency and articles by his students back in China, Dr. Cameron treated a large gathering to a most enjoyable hour.

This event marked the opening of a new era for medical students, during which the reorganized Medical Undergraduate Society hopes to present to the student body any notable and interesting people of medicine or the allied sciences who happen to pass through Edmonton.

NOTICE TO ENGINEERS

Nominations for the offices of President, Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer must be turned in to Bev Monkman or Murray Bolton before 5 p.m. Tuesday, March 5. The nomination sheets must contain the signatures of nine nominees and that of the party they nominate.

Candidates for the office of President must be third year men, but candidates for the other offices may be from any year.

B. A. MONKMAN, President, E.S.S.

Students, Faculty Co-operate to Ensure Success of Tag-Day Drive for Finn Relief Fund

Committee Headed by Bill Milroy Stage Successful Campaign, as Co-eds Patrol Corridors in University Buildings—Tuck Shop Proprietor Backs Drive

NICHOLS WILL GIVE ORGAN RECITAL

To Contribute Receipts to Committee—Hundreds of Students Wear Blue and White Tags in Support of Finland

Finnish warriors, battling bravely against overwhelming Red armies, are being aided in their struggle by the students of the University of Alberta, who are raising funds for Finnish relief. Evidence of this whole-hearted support was seen yesterday as the first day of the two-day Tag Sale got under way. Co-eds armed with winning smiles and a tin box for contributions had no difficulty in selling the tags, miniature replicas of the Finnish Battle Flag, to the rest of the students, all eager to help repel the Russian invasion.

Commenting on the campaign thus far, Bill Milroy, chairman of the Finnish War Fund Committee, stated that the response was most gratifying, and that it was clear that students realized the necessity of aid for the Finns, and were acting accordingly.

Mr. Kerr, proprietor of Varsity Tuck Shop, backing the efforts of the students to the utmost, is turning a percentage of the Friday receipts from the Wurlitzer over to the committee, as his contribution to the War Fund. Every nickel, dime or quarter sunk in the music box on Friday helps swell the Finnish fund.

In addition, Dr. Nichols will present a recital on the Memorial Organ of all Finnish music, Sunday, March 10. The regular admission will be charged, and this will be turned over to the committee in charge of the campaign. Not only are the forces of modern Finland being called into play to combat the Red menace, but even the dead masters of Finland will in this way help their country.

Today, the second day of the Tag sale, will give everyone an opportunity to contribute to the Finnish War Fund. Each flag sold makes our support a little stronger, brings the objective a little closer. Cheques will also be accepted, and should be made out to the Finnish War Fund Committee, and mailed or left at the Students' Union office. The committee, consisting of Bill Milroy, Marg Maclean, Bruce Rankin, Elwood Stringham and Dr. Francis Owen, will see that the money is forwarded to the right people.

DIRECTOR APPEALS FOR CO-OPERATION

Delmar Foote, editor of the Year Book, has asked for the co-operation of all students and organizations in helping to complete the preparation of the Year Book at the earliest possible date. Every society has been urged to have its photographs and write-ups completed immediately. Work is now at a standstill.

The whole of next week is being set aside that students who wish to secure a copy and who have not returned their money as yet, may do so at the Cashier's office. All who pay their money next week will be guaranteed a book. This guarantee will not be given after that period.

The pictorial section is now almost completely compiled, but there is still room for a few good camera shots of life around the University. A few ideas for pictures could be found in these "Confucius Say" things that are floating around the campus. All pictures may be turned into the Year Book office at the north end of the Arts building.

Foote stated that he is doing all in his power to get the book out on time. Each year there has been much complaining about the lateness of the Year Book. If everyone aids the staff by having things in on time, this trouble will be overcome, Foote said.

SENIOR CLASS FORMAL IN FUTURISTIC SETTINGS

With their eyes looking far ahead, one hundred members of the graduating class held their dance in a futuristic setting last Saturday evening. The appropriate motif that transformed Athabasca dining room into some city of the year 2,000 featured tall streamlined skyscrapers and long smooth highways. Towards the end of the program the customary barrage of colored balloons showered the dancers.

Pupils of the Spankie School of Dancing added variety to the evening with their performing of several graceful ballroom dances.

Despite the meagre attendance, the dance was a success in every way, excepting financially. The uncrowded floor gave a pleasure that is seldom found at the more popular dances.

Historic Saga of Old Russia Shown At Nat. Film Meet

Peter the Great's Attempts to Establish Window on Europe Film Subject

MAYERLING COMING

Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer to Star in French Production

"Peter the First," one of the finest films ever produced in Russia was presented to the Student Section of the National Film Society Monday afternoon. The showing was made in Med 142 to nearly 100 students.

The picture is a chronicle of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia in the later seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, and how he changed the culture and the way of life of his people from the languorous ways of the Orient to an aggressive, progressive, national force to be reckoned with by the other western European powers.

Defeated in the first encounter of his army with the Swedish forces, he seized the opportunity to break the strangle-hold of the churches and tradition on his people, and to introduce the industrial arts of England, Holland and France. With these newly founded, he built an army sufficiently powerful and equipped to defeat the Swedish and to win an outlet on the Baltic Sea. The city founded there was named Petrograd in honor of the Emperor. With the establishment of the city there he "opened a window" for Russia on the Western World.

With his great task accomplished, he lived long enough to see his successor born to replace his half-witted son by a former marriage.

The next presentation of the society will be the French picture, "Mayerling," starring the two French stars, Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer, and will be presented on March 18.

MUSIC CRITIC PAYS TRIBUTE U.A. GRAD

Fraser Macdonald (Arts '35), well-known in Edmonton musical and dramatic circles, has gained nationwide recognition by the inclusion of a letter which he wrote to Deems Taylor, the famous critic, composer and commentator for the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, in the latter's new book, "The Well-Tempered Listener," just published.

Some time ago Macdonald wrote Mr. Taylor a letter commenting on one of the latter's Sunday afternoon intermission talks, which so impressed the critic that he read the whole letter on his next broadcast. This letter now forms one of the chapters in the new book.

Fraser, familiar to The Gateway readers of a few years ago as "F. P. Mac," was a prominent and active member of both the Dramatic Society and the University Music Club, and was one of the program directors in the early days of the new-established Sunday evening music hour. He has himself written quite a number of musical compositions as well. His home is in Edmonton, although at present he is teaching school in Lacombe, where he is also choir leader of St. Andrew's Church.

He has received from Deems Taylor an autographed copy of "The Well-Tempered Listener" with the inscription: "For Fraser Macdonald, with heartfelt thanks for page 102 et seq.—Deems Taylor."

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TOO MANY FORMALS

Attendance at the Midwinter Formal Saturday evening fell to an all-time low, according to reports received from reliable sources. This development has clearly revealed what has existed on this campus throughout the current session, and which became evident last year when ticket sales for major functions began to fall off in alarming proportions. The failure of the Midwinter, moreover, for it cannot be described as anything else, has shown the problem faced by student groups sponsoring formal functions in Athabaska Hall and has indicated the immense proportions of the problems which have developed without any effort at a solution. Perhaps more than any other group which has attempted to stage such a function successfully, the Law students, with two years' experience with the Undergrad, will present evidence that the day is past when the present social calendar is adequate to serve the extra-curricular activities of students in that respect.

It is certain the blame does not rest entirely with the sponsoring groups, especially not the lawyers; although opinion on the campus in respect of the Midwinter fiasco has been that adequate organization has been absent, and, in particular, that the ticket sale was not handled with the efficiency necessary to ensure a successful affair in so far as attendance records are concerned.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that regardless of any accusation which aims to minimize the efforts of the organizing groups, students on the campus have shown that they are reluctant to support the formals to the extent they did a few years ago. This season, packed as it has been with intercollegiate events and various social activities which are not identified with the official Students' Union schedule, has effected, if nothing else, a spectacular revelation of the flaws which exist in the present set-up. There seem to be, at this stage, two essential features which show that the social calendar is ready for some readjustment.

1. If the present intercollegiate athletic schedule plus the above-mentioned unofficial social events is to be maintained, and we think they should be, it is evident that the schedule of major functions must be made shorter. At present, the program calls for one "major" function every month during the year, except April, making six in all. Figures for the current session indicate that among the most popular formals are included the Wauneita, the Junior Prom, the Sophomore Reception, and possibly the Freshman Reception. On that basis, if measures are to be taken to ensure the success of three or four major functions, rather than sacrifice that success in order to maintain unchanged the overcrowded set-up, these four functions are the ones which should be kept on the list. By this change the social calendar can be adjusted to the athletic calendar, with minimum loss to each, and ensuring that both receive the student support for which they exist.

2. The present set-up has existed without important reforms over a period of years during which the student "personality" has undergone considerable metamorphosis. Being inflexible, and framed as it is to suit the student of ten years ago, one who was definitely different in many aspects to the one of today, it is safe to say that it has become out of date.

SPIRIT OF THE CANADIAN PRESS

VIVE LA FRANCE

From "University of W. Ontario Gazette"

The article on the front page of this edition regarding the withdrawal of two French-Canadian universities from the National Federation of Canadian University Students has especial significance at this time, in light of the furor caused by the Canadian Students' Assembly daring to say that the issue of conscription was of interest to college students. We who live in Upper Canada, in the midst of a pro-British and English-speaking settlement, have more than a little difficulty in understanding the general attitude of the French-Canadians towards European politics. The explanation is much simpler than most people suppose, and not nearly so fraught with crackpot isolationism and clerical dogmatism as has been alleged. Fundamentally the French-Canadian is a true North American. He is the product of over a dozen generations of New World citizens, and where his limited education does not take him beyond the borders of his own world he remains not only a North American, but an anti-imperialist as well. Those of us in Ontario whose families have lived here for more than fifty years, and whose ties are inextricably bound to our own country can have some sympathy for this attitude. However, inasmuch as a non-sectarian education, and a common language have enhanced the cultural bonds which we feel for other English-speaking countries, and inasmuch as we have learned to appreciate the true nature of liberalism, which is neither license nor an unwillingness to share the common responsibilities of Western civilization, it behooves us to recognize the reason behind the attitude of the French-Canadian, and to seek a greater mutual understanding and respect.

Being out of date and, fortunately, not compulsory for students, it is failing to obtain the necessary support of students. Students, especially since the introduction of fraternities on the campus, have indicated that their social interests are more adequately taken care of by activities of their own making, which are not identified with the University in its official capacity. That private parties, taking place overtown, or in private homes or fraternity houses, are more popular with students than the time-worn formals in Athabaska Hall, which served an excellent purpose in their time, is proved by reports of the success of the former during recent weeks.

Moreover, that elusive characteristic, which we call the "personality" of the student community, has come to the point where it is reluctant to restrict its activities in the social field to that which is offered it by the existing set-up, which has proven so inflexible. Hence the visible movement of student social activities away from the campus.

Add to this the fact that students are unwilling to pay for a dance on the campus the same price, and sometimes higher, which they will pay to attend a formal dance overtown. They seem to prefer a downtown dance with its so-called cosmopolitanism to a University formal with its more or less "isolated" atmosphere. The average student being as he is more closely identified with the everyday world around him due to various forces than was the student of ten years ago, is reluctant to confine his activities to a sphere which inevitably, if unconsciously, would cut him off from what he thinks really matters by creating a gulf between university life and extra-university affairs.

For those students who still support the major functions, and there are many of them, a curtailed schedule would not create any hardship. At present, the average member of this group cannot attend every major function anyway. He is after quality rather than quantity, something an overcrowded schedule is unable to give him. We do not advocate complete abolition of major functions on this campus, for we believe they are an essential feature of University life. We do feel that the number of major functions held each year should be cut down, so that the schedule will be put on a more practicable basis to conform to the ever-changing needs of a student community.

EDITORIAL SQUIBS

We bow our editorial head to a certain overtown newspaper man whose account of a "ding-dong" battle between the Bears and the Huskies we ridiculed. We find that the word ding-dong as an adjective or even a verb is good English usage. It must be. Both the Edmonton Bulletin and Time magazine use it.

A Calgary theatre recently billed its feature of the day in this way: "Paramount presents: Remember the Night—also Latest News Flashes."

Which all reminds us of the movie house in the same city which advertised dinnerware gifts free to all lady patrons on the night when "Storm in a Teacup" was the main attraction.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In support of the Tag Day of the Finnish War Fund Committee on the University campus, I should like to present the following points for consideration:

1. Finland needs more than "moral support."

2. Finland did not constitute any threat to Russia, but wished only to maintain its independence.

3. The independence of Finland and that of other Eastern Baltic states is necessary to the continued free existence of Sweden and Norway.

4. Because of the fear of a German attack from the south, Sweden and Norway hesitate to give Finland full military assistance.

5. Germany assisted Finland to obtain independence, but has now cynically "sold her down the river" as part of the German-Russian pact.

6. The Russian claim that the invasion of Finland was "to free the Finns" is a lie. If Russia overruns the Finns, the Finns will find themselves enslaved. That is what they are fighting to avoid. They do not want the Russian brand of Communism. Would you like to see Finland suffer the same fate as the Czechs and the Poles?

7. In the establishment of public schools, secondary schools, technical schools and universities the Finns in the last twenty years have shown themselves to be as progressive as Sweden and Norway. They have proved themselves worthy of freedom. Help them to retain it.

8. Finland is a bilingual country, Swedish and Finnish being spoken. For twenty years Finland has been almost unique in that there has been no bitterness between the Finns and the Swedish-speaking minority. No other country between the German and Russian borders has the same clear record.

9. The students and staff of the University of Alberta are living in comparative security, while in Finland, if physically able to do so, they are all engaged in a heroic effort to maintain their independence and their way of life and thinking. Your sympathies are with the Finns in their struggle. You are asked to demonstrate this by contributing whatever you can afford to give. If you believe in our own war effort, you must admit that the Finns are fighting to defend the same ideals.

Are you willing to sacrifice an evening's amusement to assist them? 10. If any member of the staff of the University feels like sending a contribution by cheque—some have already done so—I shall be only too pleased to accept it.

FRANCIS OWEN,
Faculty Representative,
Finnish War Fund Committee.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In view of the fact that there seems to be an impression on the campus that the Philharmonic of this year was a failure, from a financial viewpoint, and that the Calgary trip is a thing of the past, I would like to correct this impression and outline what I consider to be the true position of the Philharmonic Society.

The rumors that have started were, no doubt, inspired in part at least by the letter to the Editor of The Gateway in the Feb. 9 edition, by Percy Powers, the Union Treasurer, and also by the note in the Feb. 17 edition of the Edmonton Journal. The latter conveyed the impression that the Calgary trip of the Philharmonic in following years was "the burning question" in University musical circles at the moment. This is anything but the truth. As for the former, I have discussed this subject at some length with Mr. Powers, and have found that those who interpreted his letter as meaning that it was very unlikely that the Calgary audiences would see the Philharmonic production next year were in error. I think I have Mr. Powers' sanction when I say that what was meant was that because of the deficit incurred in both years' Calgary production, the possibility of discontinuing these excursions should be considered. I have no real quarrel with what our Treasurer has said, because his attitude is understandable in that in his official

capacity his prime function is to regulate the income and outgoing of Students' Union funds, and that any undertaking that is not a paying proposition should be frowned on, unless there are good reasons for such deficits. But in spite of these deficits, there are many good reasons for continuing to send our shows, Philharmonic and possibly Dramatic, to the southern city.

From the financial point of view there is this to be said. Last year was the first year we travelled south, and as expected had a deficit. This year we had hoped to come close to clearing expenses, but we did not, and it is no secret that we suffered a larger deficit than that sustained last year. There were various reasons for that, but it is sufficient to say that it was not because of increase in expenditure, but a decrease in income. There is only one way in which that situation might have been remedied, and that was my more efficient handling of our publicity campaign. If such is the case, I take full responsibility as the rest of the executive were all that could be desired.

On our Edmonton presentations we showed a larger income than we ever had in former years, and are far above our subsidy. The final figures are not in yet, but it is safe to say that the Edmonton surplus will cover the Calgary deficit, and that possibly without taking into account the value credited us on Campus "A" cards. So that actually, the members of the student body did not lose any more than was expected.

Had we not had a Calgary trip, we would have turned back a very substantial profit to the Union. The Calgary trip cut into the profit, so that we arrive back at the subsidized amount, which is the amount the Union had budgeted us with.

The question of whether or not the Philharmonic goes to Calgary next February is one that is to be decided by the 1940-41 Students' Council, so that this letter will not have much effect at this time. But I do hope that if any of the electors of next year's Council are against our continuing the trip south because of reading those newspaper items, that I can correct their attitude. Even if the Philharmonic does suffer a deficit in next year's Calgary visit, provided there is such a visit, I still am of the opinion it should be continued; provided, of course, that the deficit is within reason. The Students' Union "took it on the chin" for four years in Edmonton on the Philharmonic production, before the organization really came into its own financially, and also established the fine musical reputation it now enjoys. In Calgary, we have produced what are generally admitted as being two first-class presentations, "The Yeomen of the Guard" and "Iolanthe." We are fast building up an enviable reputation there, so is it too much to ask that the Philharmonic be given a chance to come into its own financially in that city too, and that we be patient with it because it has not been a financial success in only two years?

I have no "axe to grind" in writing this letter. If all goes well I graduate this spring, and there is no possibility of my going to Calgary with the Philharmonic next year, so I can write impartially. I sincerely believe that amongst the chaff I have winnowed here so freely you can find a grain or two of truth, and see that the continuance of those trips to Calgary is very much to be desired. To the executive this trip is for the most part a lot of work and worry, and even the other members of the organization don't have a great deal of time to themselves. Don't mistake me. We do have a good time doing it and gain valuable experience, but nevertheless our prime motive in furthering this is in building up and fostering that somewhat ridiculed "good will," and it is suggested that in taking our shows south and in giving the Calgary people an opportunity to see another aspect of what goes on at our university, we do a great deal to promote this good will. If we do achieve this purpose, then its value cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

Yours truly,
NEIL DAVIDSON,
Pres. of Philharmonic.

FROM MANITOBA

On the Winnipeg campus they are quite agog over various things. In the first place, the University Symphony Orchestra, which made its premiere bow recently, is quite a howling success. The staff of the Manitoban has been invited to take over the Winnipeg Tribune for one day. And more than that: the young reporters will have a chance to vie for the three prizes of one dollar, one half-dollar and one half-dollar awarded each week to the writers of the best news stories. To top it all off, their "Aunt Arctic Ball," the annual winter social affair, is just about ready to go freezing its way to success.

SHOESHINE BOY

The shoeshine boy at Hart House, University of Toronto, is an artist by choice, a shoeshine boy by necessity. When the men of the campus are not anxious for foot-wear simonizing, he draws a canvas from under the polish throne and sketches a landscape or dashes off a hunk of cubistics. Every now and again, a connoisseur will chance across a good item, and Stan the shoeshiner gets paid for something else besides "shinin' shoes all day." But as a general rule, he draws and paints for fun. His latest commission is the sketching of a Roman portrait for the local production of Timon of Athens. This is his second attempt at portraying the human figure. The first is a red-headed wench, done in cubes, and known intimately as Cockeyed Liz.

FRESHMEN!

Saturday night is what you've been waiting for. It's Reception Night for Sophomores, a real chance to show what the Class of '43 can do. Get in shape for the summer months. Think of it!—a moon, a girl in a summer creation, and Joe Nadeau supplying the music. You can't miss the Freshman Reception to

SOPHOMORES!



"Is it true what they say about Ted and Mary?"
"Well, he is sending her a lot of Sweet Caps."

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UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

In the Mood . . .

As he held one finger on the door-bell, Doug Watson debated on what type of evening it would be. True enough, it was always exhilarating to wrap oneself into a neat set of tails, and cut loose at the Junior Prom. His father's visit had almost queered his chances of going, and when he had finally found a partner, it had to be an old standby, Gertrude Lortimer, who was deeply engrossed in second year nursing. She was definitely on the emergency list, and he had her mentally catalogued as "A good kid—but no brains."

"Oh, good evening, Gertie, the one girl on the campus who's all dressed and waiting when Romeo arrives."

"Oh, I'm always on time—people have to be if they're going to be good nurses."

"Rather a killer-diller of a get-up too—they must have had you in mind when they wrote, 'When as in silks my Julia goes, the liquefaction of her clothes . . . but of course your name not being Julia . . .'"

"Oh, Doug, you 'Chronicle' men always talk so literary—I never know what you mean."

"Chronic miscomprehension?" he queried, helping her into a floor-length evening wrap of black velvet, trimmed with a soft border of white.

Leather-heeled shoes and silver dancing pumps drummed their way along a moist sidewalk with a staccato rhythm of bass and melody.

Doug stuffed two coat-check stubs into a lower vest pocket and drew out a stubby pencil and his program, as he and Gertrude merged into the colorful gathering of Cinderellas, newly waved and scented, and an equivalent number of Princes Charming, who endeavored to appear nonchalant in stiff-fronted, full-dress attire. He knew most bookings had already been arranged, but there was no harm in trying for one or two more. Four dances were enough to have with Gertrude, who was as independent in her dancing as she was in her work in the third floor public ward.

"Hi, Starlett—care to swap a dance sometime?"

"Sure thing, Doug, old man—let's see what I have left—been so many wanting to trade with me, you know—Twelfth?"

"Right—where do we meet?"

"I spend all my spare time at the punch bowl, so that's as good as—Oh, greetings, Smith—haul the balloons up to the ceiling—sure, you'll need my strong right arm."

Sargy and his Swinging Seven ended their discordant caterwaulings, and blared forth with a suggestive opener, "In the Mood."

"That suspended ceiling," began Doug, as he guided Gertrude through temporary rifts in the moving crowd, "is definitely a work of art. If I could keep a roof over my head by using streamers and trick-lighting, I'd just relax on the dole."

"Speaking of roofs," she replied, "Father wrote that they've insulated our house, and the change is shocking. Do you know, Doug, that our fuel bill in 1932 was seventy-eight dollars, and in 1933 it was five more and . . ."

So Gertrude rattled along, with Doug slipping in a suggestion now and then so that the record would be changed.

His dances with Gertrude and others of the "emergency list" type passed along without great effort. He

wasn't bored—for the music was first-rate and the pleasure of sporting full-dress still lived.

As usual, one wild individual over-estimated his ability to twirl about on new wax, and dragging his girl with him, fell flat on his back. They struggled up with a coating of brown dust from their shoulders down.

When the sixth was ending, they found Starlett just ahead of them, and heard his piercing voice proclaiming the facts of rugby and rugby teams, and caught his determined assertion, "A guy can't let the old Alma Mammy down."

After allowing his puppets to proceed within the speed limit through "No, Mamma, No," "Scatterbrain" and "South of the Border," Sargy seemed to be settling an old grudge, and his galloping syncope forced the crowd to race about in what seemed to be a composite whirling dervish act.

"Rhythmic self-preservation," Doug termed it, as a dozen freshmen began to "jive" and "truck on down," in a directionless plunge through and over their fellows. "So help me," he said, "if one more sharp elbow jars my kidneys loose, or one more renegade foot knocks my knees in from behind, I'll swing round and beat 'em to the ground—man, woman, or child."

Of course, he had to be hooked with that Perkins woman—books, books, all day, and at night she talked like one. Doug decided that her steady stream of regurgitated knowledge must be an overflow from a brain of small capacity.

"Oh, Doug, you said 'thinking of,' she would explode, and I just can't bear a preposition at the end of a sentence, and there would follow a meticulous description of her studious avoidance of ending prepositions through all the essays she had ever written. His harmless jibe about Raleigh had turned the spit out of The Elizabethan Age was much less reserved than the present day—men weren't ashamed to express their emotions openly. They lived intensely!" She sailed on with such facility that the book, title, and page number seemed prefixed to her perjured oration.

"That oaf, Starlett!" Doug muttered, as the orchestra sign turned to twelve, so eager to use his strong right arm that he didn't say which punch bowl, and the music's starting. "I'll have a look at the north end—ah ha—that must be his lady-friend, blonde too, and just up to my nose."

"Good evening, I'm Doug Watson, and I believe this is our dance."

With a puzzled smile, she turned to him. "Well, I'm Mary Anne Townsend, but—"

Her words were unfinished as the onrush of weaving dancers pressed in and threatened to flatten them against the wall. Doug swung her out into the street.

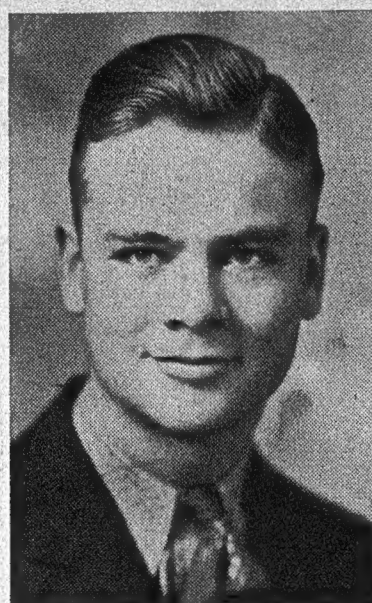
"What happened to your B.F.—did he run off and leave you?"

"So it seems—with nothing but a punch bowl for company."

"And me, don't forget—say, it's rather queer that you and I haven't met on the campus before."

"If you ask, 'Where have you been all my life?' I'll walk right over and start keeping company with that punch bowl—and its contents, too."

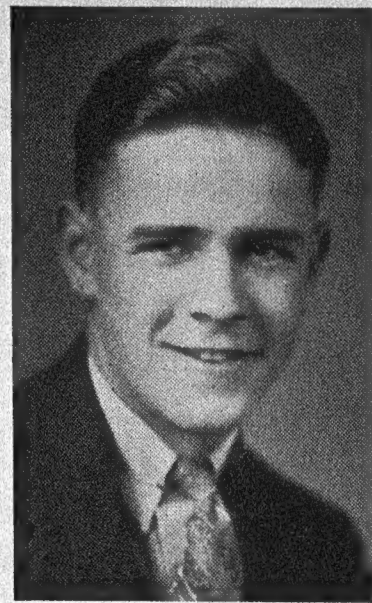
As they coasted by, another couple seemed to be involved in a pro-



Graham Campbell, Freshman President, who heads an able executive in making plans for the Freshman Reception in Athabasca Hall, Saturday night.



Dr. L. Nichols, who has kindly offered his services to the Finnish War Fund campaign. He will play a recital of all Finnish music in Convocation Hall in the near future.



Fred Pritchard, who has been largely responsible for the success of the first two Varsity Variety programs heard over CKUA each Wednesday, 8:00 p.m.

gressive form-fours exercise. They overheard: "My sister showed me before I left for Varsity, but I still ain't much on dancing."

"Oh, Roy, you're doing just fine!" "She's a hypocrite, that girl is," said Doug, "and we know it."

"I'm a hypocrite myself, and doing rather well, don't you think?"

"Doing very well, more than very well, and say, Little Alice Blue Gown, did you know that from my three-quarter view, that lacy shoulder puff seems just as much suited to your eyes as—"

"Coffee is to doughnuts." "That'll do, although I should think of a better one."

"When do you start on the 'hair like flowing sunlight' and 'teeth like a row of pearls'?"

"I was coming to that—ears like little buttercups first."

"Not quite buttercups—after all, I need to hear some things."

"Is that the end of the dance? They can't do that to us—I'll clap till—say, what's Starlett limping for—was it your dancing that crippled him up?"

"I don't know the gentleman." "You don't listen, young lady, just who did you come with?"

"With Johnny Townsend, a wayward brother, who lost himself trying to warm up a car."

Gertrude sputtered up, "Oh, Doug Starlett tripped on a rug downstairs and sprained his ankle—we had the awfullest time—I tore up two towels and—"

"Just who do you think you are, Billy Starlett?" an angry voice broke through, "leaving me stand by that punch bowl on the south end for a whole dance—if you think for one minute—"

"Easy does it," cut in Doug, "easy does it—it's all my fault. I'm the guilty party—tried and convicted. I'll just apologize all around, and we can start again at zero."

For two remaining dances Doug was quite willing to let Gertrude maintain an unbroken continuity on insulation, nursing, anything. By careful manoeuvring he could frequently catch the eye of a golden-haired lady whose blue eyes matched her dress like—he'd have to work up a top-notch simile for that.

And when the last bar of "The King" ended, he was able to whisper above the blue-lace shoulder puff, "How about continuing our discussion of coffee and doughnuts at the Snack Shop tomorrow?" before the mob crushed its way through the doors.

"You find a strand enfolds me, Flick a careless finger through it. Break the gossamer that holds me. But, be sure I see you do it."

In a stilted poem called "Aftermatch" he narrates—

"I sat throughout the long ungodly night Watching the moon climb blindly in the sky; Watching gaunt gray Regret cry wildly by; Watching Remorse with futile longing fight."

He speaks to his mother, who is "A tired Dresden figure stifling a sight," and "my one strong faith."

"You'd leave blue heaven if you heard me cry To turn a guiding star-gleam on the trail."

Don Blanding has reams and reams of poetry which impresses me as being neutral. It neither pleases nor displeases. It is ordinary, prosaic verse, with occasional lines that are apt and brilliant, and others that are unusually stilted and artificial—none of which leaves a lasting impression. He loves to dwell on the vision of himself as a care-free vagabond, who roams and wanders free as the winds, and obeying the call of exotic lands, can realize the idealized life of somewhere else, a somewhere with an over-abundance of sunshine and wonderful foods and beautiful girls. And often his vision is presented to us rather ineffectively:

"We see strange sights, learn curious truths, Find lotus lands and taste the fruit that soothes Our fretted spirits for a blissful while In vague enchantment on an idle dreaming isle, But leaves us craving, seeking once again Veiled distances."

Hawaii Too much of Don Blanding's poetry treats of Hawaii and its beaches, and trees, and people, and uses the native words in such profusion that they have no more appeal for us than a grocery list. We are often at a loss before a strange array of luau, and lalau, limu, imu, pol, and other words of similar incomprehensiveness.

And in this type of exotic, "drift" poetry, Blanding falls into a bad habit of making lists. He catalogues names, or foods, or places—and

is unobtrusive. A scanion over several pages might bring to light a half-dozen types of metrical foot in one selection. But if one endeavors to grasp the meaning, and read with sympathy and understanding, the lines run easily and smoothly, producing an effect which is pleasingly musical. Thus from his "Driftwood":

"Never a tide goes out to sea But carries a bit of the heart of me Riding the foam and the gray seawrack, Caring no whit if it ne'er comes back."

And it is in this metre of octosyllabic couplets that Blanding writes much of his poetry.

Occasionally he employs a five-foot line in stanzas whose rhyme-order reads abbaabde, and more often he writes in tetrameter stanzas whose rhymes end abba. A good example is his "Candle Maker":

"And with the smoke your thoughts to where, between two little stores With stagnant tubs of fish about And bowls of Chinese sauerkraut And vegetables strewn on the floors The candle-maker paints all day."

On some occasions Don Blanding must have seated himself in his study with no other conviction than that he must turn out a page of poetry, and on many of these occasions he has failed in his endeavor. He stumbles about in a world of fairies and dryads and mermaids, and herds them into his poetry with little more sympathetic treatment than one would have for individual animals in a flock of sheep.

In his "Dreamer," he says: "I don't suppose I'll ever see A dryad slipping from her tree, and I don't believe we'll ever see sirens and dappled fauns and centaurs through his eyes either, until he learns to write of them with more imagery and conviction."

Love Poetry When Blanding chooses topics concerned with sentiment and love he usually ends up with verse that is heavy and artificial. He seems to set out with a purpose of delivering a message of deep feeling and to lose himself on the way.

Calling himself a "Philanderer," he speaks to "Love" about the "silk gauze that binds him," and orders—

"If you find a strand enfolds me, Flick a careless finger through it. Break the gossamer that holds me. But, be sure I see you do it."

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somehow believes that he has created poetry by arranging the units in rhyming order.

Humor But Blanding can write splendidly when he has something concrete to portray, and when he allows his sense of humor to make itself felt.

He makes us see the countless babies in one street of Honolulu—"Little brown babies in brown mamas' laps, Philippine babies, Koreans and Japs, Fresh shiny babies right out of the tub, Babies in scandalous need of a scrub";

and—"Babies with yellow hair, babies with brown, Babies with just a few patches of down, Toddlers babies on little bowed legs, Very new babies, much balder than eggs."

His sentiment, swinging poem "Hollywood" succeeds in conveying a definite impression:

"Beauties from Budapest, Bangor and Bucharest, Cuties from Cairo in lovely profusion. Scripts and scenarios, Loering Lotharios, Grease-paint and gossamer, dreams and illusion."

Excellence And at times Blanding has written movingly and beautifully. He has many passages of lovely verse which are honest and sincere—an outpouring of his own long-considered reflections. He has pictures of "The Candlemaker" who paints Chinese candles all day in his little shop, and the blind man by the edge of a busy street, who says of all the people and colors and beautiful things—

"I've seen Them passing in my mind but—oh, I want to really see them so."

These portraits will surely be among the favorite poems of many people. "Vagabond's House" is undoubtedly Don Blanding's masterpiece. He dreamed about a house he would build—dreamed for years and years, and then tried to make his dream manifest through his poetry. I feel that he succeeded beautifully:

"We can fully believe him when he says of his house: 'It won't be correct or in period style, But, . . . oh, I've thought for a long, long while Of all the corners and all the nooks, Of all the bookshelves and all the books, The great big table, the deep soft chairs And the Chinese rug at the foot of the stairs.'"

He tells of his slouched hat appearance, its ideal location in the woods by a river, and its blazing fireplace inside, for which he will have " . . . resinous knots and cones and gums To chuck on the flames when winter comes."

We are made to see his oriental ashtrays, the little mud god over the mantelpiece and his fine bookshelves. In weird dishes and grotesque jugs he has "Big fat raisins and sun-dried dates And curious fruits from the Malay straits."

And in the shadows to one side is a stately Concert-Grand to help him while away the long twilights.

We can visualize the three pictures he wants—an awe-inspiring storm at sea, from which one can almost feel the spray, and a gaudy impression of a nude on a zebra skin, and the third alone on his study wall where

" . . . the lips are curved in the fine sweet line Of that wistful, tender, provocative smile That has stirred my heart for a wondrous while."

His many strange ornaments intrigue us—the piece of meteorite, the knife that has slit an Indian princess' throat, and the savage little idols which squat in corners and niches of the cabin's cedar-scented interior.

Not much of Don Blanding's work will last through the generations to come. It lacks the depth and sincerity implicit in literature that is immortal. But his one poem, "Vagabond's House," is sure to be read for many, many years.

Bulgaria has announced a new series of stamps picturing an airplane in flight over Bulgarian countryside. That's almost too timely.

CANADIAN CAMPUS

By Norman J. Altstedter
(A C.U.P. Feature)

Heavy, Heavy.

Things are dire, children, and there are portents in the air. Those of us who went to lectures—those of you who went to lectures know now that the professor is always right. Just like mother way back home. Yes, exams do come every May and the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, have nothing to do with the case. This one and the next one and the next one after that and The Canadian Campus will go to sleep for another year, while I will wake up and stay awake twenty-four hours a day. Come, my little ones, and fill the cup before life's liquor in its cup be dry.

The Sock and Buskin.

After a week of respite in which friend Altstedter almost stuck to his word not to print anything about university drama, you (and you and you) will now be in for a new report of what goes on on the campus stage. Exams or no exams, the show must go on! As you pick up (or put down) this paper, five universities will be competing in Hamilton for the leadership of the Inter-University Drama Festival. Alberta's Dramatic Society, egad, is pictured deep in rehearsal for "Three-Cornered Moon." And so on through Canada. At various risks, this column suggests that the Inter-University Drama Festival might be a good example of something about which students across Canada might really get together.

Gargantua in Print.

Twenty fact-laden pages, well-written, well-edited, well-directed. A huge two-tone cut, six columns wide, eight or ten inches deep, showing the most ambitious and most successful project that the students have undertaken to date. You guessed it! (I knew all along you didn't guess it, but just read on, look wise, say little, and when you come to the end just say you knew all the time.) The project is the University of British Columbia's Brock Memorial Building, built through student effort—and \$30,000 worth of student effort it was. The occasion is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the university's founding. The journalistic Gargantua is the special anniversary issue of The Ubysses, and you should see it! There is little room here to sketch the history of student achievement that the paper traces, but it's something to know. The serious may drop into the editorial offices of your campus newspaper and hope that the anniversary number of The Ubysses is still on file. In spirit of humbleness and sober contemplation this column offers its congratulations.

We Joined the Legion.

Out in Manitoba, where men are man and initials are consigned to alphabet soup, the students on the campus wear woollen underwear. At least, three out of five of them do, according to a survey made by The Manitoban. They have pictures to prove it. According to our own impartial survey of the pictures, long underwear form a purely incidental problem. Two out of five wear garters, three out of five are bow-legged (the other two are

knock-kneed), and the only people conclusively proved to be addicts of the flannel are the hockey team. Somebody is pulling somebody's trouser-leg. Additional information-al trivia gleaned from the survey: a former editor of the paper, now a professional ink-splasher, claims he wears a sarong, chintz for winter wear and flannel for summer beach wear. This is so preposterous!

Rats, Lice and Mystery.

At the University of Toronto anything connected with the natural sciences is of interest to the academicians, but a three-ring circus for the laity. Liquid air was demonstrated by fish thrown at the audience by the lecturer, and now the great unwashed (economic, engineering et al) have just returned from a pleasant evening at the triennial Biological Conversation. Two buildings were full of all sorts of demonstrations, chief among which was the harnessing of the bystander's muscle to lift levers, pull weights and do everything in the line of work. This is on the level! The muscle when flexed creates a change in potential and this results in electricity which can be tapped and harnessed. They shove it through megaphones where it goes "B-z-z-z-Boom!" They attach it to levers and they left weights with it. You too can be Kid Dynamo. . . .

Vice-Presidents.

There is a saying south of the forty-ninth parallel about no obscurity being as bottomless, or something, as that of the vice-president. At the University of Western Ontario they have a club full of them, a vice-presidents' club, in which everyone is vice-president. No, it is not an association of evil, whiskey-drinking old men; it's the class of '41 in the Business School. The vice-presidents' club they formed is presided over by the vice-president in charge of vice-presidents; the proceedings are recorded by the vice-president in charge of getting things down; and the finances are administered by the vice-president in charge of finances.

Mainly Red (Blush).

This cryptic title refers to McGill's annual musical show, The Red and White Revue, and especially its executive, who are now redder than they are white. It seems the worthy producers thought it would be a fine thing to get some engineers into the show, so they advertised for a fan dancer. Illogical? I don't think so. Engineers are alike all over, and any one I ever knew would jump at a chance at working in the same show with a fan dancer. So they advertised for a fan dancer. It is as plain as night and day, and the nose on your face, and the woman who sits across from you in history class. They were right, too. The engineers did respond. But what they weren't expecting was a fan dancer, even though they had advertised for one. Yet, a few days later, one of them telephoned and volunteered her services. Now, they don't know what to do. My advice is, now that the engineers have been lured into the show, let them look after the fan dancer.

Theatre Directory

RIALTO THEATRE, one week starting Saturday, March 2—Mae West and W. C. Fields in "My Little Chickadee."

CAPITOL THEATRE, starting Friday, March 1—"The Light That Failed," Walter Huston, Ronald Coleman, and Ida Lupino.

PRINCESS THEATRE, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Feb. 29-March 1, 2—The Lane Sisters and John Garfield in "Daughters Courageous."

STRAND THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Fri., Feb. 28, 29-March 1—Bette Davis in "The Old Maid" and Jones Family in "Young As You Feel."

EMPRESS THEATRE, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Feb. 29-March 1, 2—Jackie Cooper in "Seventeen" and Three Mesquiteers in "Cowboys From Texas."

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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Brown and Gold Usher Alberta from Rigby Race

Golden Bears Lose Chance at Rigby Trophy as Manitoba Splits Basketball Series

Alberta Takes First Game 30-14 Score, But Brown and Gold Bisons Come Back to Win Second Game 27-23

BISONS TO SASKATOON

The University of Alberta Golden Bears stayed in the fight for the Rigby Intercollegiate basketball trophy by gaining a thrilling thirty to fourteen win against the Manitoba Bisons last Friday night. This win means that the Bears are still in the running with Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

Brick Younie, red-headed star guard for the Bears, reached his peak form of the season, as he scored

12 points to lead his team to victory. The performance that Brick turned in for the Bears left nothing to be desired. Also outstanding for the Bears were Neilson and Cameron. The Bisons plainly showed the effects of the long train trip from Winnipeg, but this does not detract from the Bears' victory in the least, as they clearly outclassed the Bisons, who seemed to be a less experienced team.

The play was close all the way, but once the Bears had gained the lead in the first quarter they never looked back. As the first half ended, the Bears were holding a five-point lead. During the second half the Bisons tried desperately to make up the deficit and draw up on even terms with the Bears, but the Bears held them off and took every break that came their way to run their lead up to 17 points.

The high scorer of the visitors' team was Ron Wilson, with 6 points. Ron played a stellar game for the Bisons, and along with Guest scored most of their points.

This win was necessary to the Alberta team to keep them in the running for the Rigby trophy. If the Bears had won again on Saturday afternoon their chances of taking the trophy on the basis of total points would have been fairly bright.

In the preliminary game of the evening the Commercial Grads, world's championship women's team, spotted the Co-eds a fifty-point lead, and then proceeded to beat the Varsity girls by 65 to 55.

Summary

Alberta—Cameron 5, Pain 4, McElroy 1, Dixon 2, Younie 12, Dobson 0, Anderson 2, Brown 4, Neilson 0, Manitoba—Lang 4, Wilson 6, Guest 2, Whitley 0, Ashley 0, McCallum 1, Wallace 0, Smith 1, Shebeski 0. Referees—Tomick, Morgan.

Second Game

All hope of the University of Alberta Golden Bears to win the Rigby trophy for Intercollegiate basketball vanished when the Manitoba Bisons turned in a surprise win over the Golden Bears on Saturday afternoon. After having been severely drubbed by the Bears on Friday evening, the Bisons looked like a new team on Saturday afternoon, and they upset all Alberta's hopes with a 27 to 23 victory.

Brick Younie of the Bears continued his streak of brilliance by turning in the best performance of any man on the floor. Also outstanding were Cameron; and for the Bisons, Wilson and Guest again turned in sterling performances.

The game opened fast, and Alberta went into an early lead, which they held until late in the third quarter. When the first half ended the Bears were clinging to a precarious lead of one point, gained on a free throw

SPORT SLANTS

By

GLEN FOX

The defeat of the Alberta Golden Bears last Saturday afternoon definitely spelled the end of the Alberta team's chances to lift the Rigby trophy. Friday evening they held a clear edge over the visitors, but on Saturday they couldn't quite turn the trick. So now we will have to wait until next year to see our team become Intercollegiate champions.

I have made my last prediction. The gods have been unkind to me. Just when I predict the Bears to win the basketball honors, they desert me. So no more prophecies.

After leading the league all season, the Nurses have lost the lead in the House League basketball to the D.G.'s. The Nurses will now play the sorority girls in the playoffs to determine who will be new league champions.

Much as it hurts me to do so, I am forced to withdraw my slighting remarks concerning the brand of hockey played by the Pharmacy class. In an epic struggle, described elsewhere in this issue, the Pharmacy club, by exerting a superhuman effort, managed to beat the world-famous Gateway Gondoliers on Friday. Manager Tom Mason of The Gateway team is a broken man as a result of this severe blow to his illusions of Gondoliers.

But the Gondoliers came through in entirely unexpected style to beat the Law club 13 to 8.

We have seen the last of Varsity hockey for this year. Some of the players have played their last game for Varsity, and they will be missed next year. This year has been as successful a hockey year on this campus as could be desired. Congratulations are due to the team for bringing the Halpenny Trophy here for another year. It speaks well for the team that they were able to defend the trophy successfully, even without the services of their star defenceman, Dave MacKay.

The Varsity swimming team did well enough in coming second to the Manitoba team in the Intercollegiate meet this year. The Saskatchewan amphibians were considered the team to beat, and they brought up the rear when the final standings were figured out. More predictions gone haywire, but not mine this time.

The most surprised group of students on the campus last week were the law students after their defeat on the hockey front by The Gateway Gondoliers. The second most surprised group were the Gondoliers, after the same.

That's all for this week. G'bye now.

by Younie. Starting the first period the Bears went into an early lead, but they never held more than a two-point advantage. Just before the end of the first quarter the two teams were tied at 11-all, when fiery Brick Younie made a free throw. Brick sunk the throw, to give the Bears a one-point lead as the period closed.

Starting the second half, the Bears managed to maintain their lead for most of the third quarter. They were leading 17-16, when the Bisons overtook them and went ahead one point. Alberta regained the lead at 20-19, but they soon lost it again, and the Bisons went ahead and never lost the lead again.

The high scorer of the night was Younie again, as he sank five free throws and scored two field goals, for a total of nine points. Next in the scoring parade were Ashley and Wilson of the Manitoba team with eight and six points respectively. In the last period Art Lang of the Bisons was banished from the game for personal fouls.

This loss spells the end of Alberta's hopes to become the Intercollegiate basketball champions. They needed another win against the Bisons on Saturday afternoon to bring them up on even terms with the Saskatchewan Huskies in games won. In that case they would have had a fair chance to take the cup on the basis of total points.

Summary

Alberta—Cameron 4, Younie 9, Dickson 0, Neilson 0, McElroy 3, Pain 3, Brown 0, Anderson 1, Dobson 0, Manitoba—Ashley 8, McCallum 0, Whitley 2, Wallace 0, Guest 2, Wilson 6, Smith 2, Lang 7, Shebeski 0.

NURSES LOSE TO FRAT GIRLS H.L. BASKETBALL

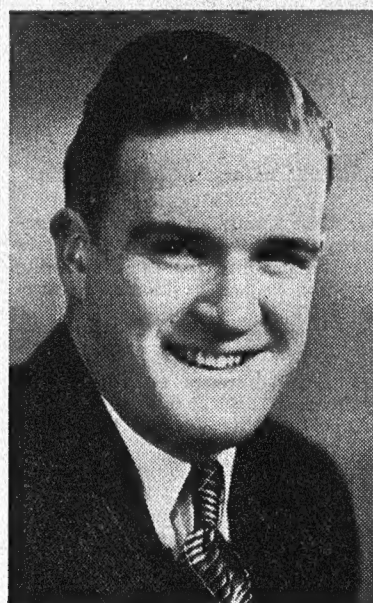
The Delta Gammas defeated the Nurses 10-7 in the final game of the House League basketball series. This victory entrenched the D.G.'s on the top of the league, with 22 points, 3 more than their strongest rivals, the U.A.H. girls.

Two, and if necessary three, play-off games will be held in the coming week to determine the winner of the House League Basketball Trophy for this season. Each member of the winning team and the coach will receive a felt crest.

The box scores for the whole series is as follows:

	G.	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Delta Gamma	12	11	1	0	22
Nurses	12	9	2	1	19
Pembina	12	7	5	0	14
Tri-Delts	12	7	5	0	14
Pi Phi	12	5	7	0	10
Thetas	12	2	10	0	4
Townes	12	0	10	1	1

STARS



Lloyd Wilson, husky defenceman for The Gateway Gondoliers, who almost succeeded in getting a puck past the Lawyers' goalie.



Ed Lewis, valiant net-minder for the Law-men, who turned in a sterling performance against The Gateway. Score 13-8 for the journalists.

Gateway Gondoliers Acquit Selves Nobly as Lawyers Take Beating in Hockey Game

Droop-Mouth Mason Tries Hatching Puck in Newspaper-men's Net

DEEP McDANIELS HURT

Last Thursday afternoon the notorious Gateway Gondoliers upheld their long standing reputation as the world's most original hockey team by defeating the Faculty of Law in a furious game before a vast crowd. Les Wedman, coach of the Gondoliers, personally saw both the fans to their seats, and he says he never saw two bigger men in all his borned daze. We wanted to call Cec Robson a spectator, so that we could break last year's attendance record, but Cec had skates on, so we were foiled.

The Gateway staff played with only seven players, one of them borrowed from the Law Club at that. It seems that some of the players regularly with the Gondoliers thought that the game was a practice, and therefore they went to the wrong place.

The game opened very fast, with both teams dashing about, thither and yon, like the lost sheep in the Book of Daniel, or was it Genesis? searching for the puck. No one remembered having seen it. Ed Lewis said he saw one once, but that was when he was in grade school. Finally someone happened to be skating by the Gondoliers goal and saw the lost puck nestling in the goal with long Tom Mason, Gateway catcher. Tom explained that he had never played in a hockey game yet where he didn't have the puck with him in goal all the time, so he naturally thought that that was where it was supposed to be. Once the boys had a puck to play with, they showed their true metal, which was, in sooth, a mite rusted.

The honor (and surprise) of scoring the first goal went to Earl Moffat of the Gondoliers. Earl was doing a bit of figure skating in centre ice when the puck happened along, so he took time off and potted a goal. Ed Lewis was no little chagrined by this show of disrespect, so he topped the next two shots, as a lesson to wanton puck shooters.

The second period was a repetition of the first. George Murray went on the rampage and scored several goals, while Tom Mason was out to lunch, but when Tom came back the newsmen went on the attack again with renewed vigor and scored a few times. A feature of this period was the rare form displayed by Emile Gameche, who was playing the part of the woodsman who lost his axe. (See Anderson's Child's Library of Gentle Tales for Little Folk.) J. P. Dewis, Students' Union prexy, stood in the far corner of the crowd, and yelled, quote, "You can't do that, it's not in the constitution. I'll send a wire to President Roosevelt," unquote. Deep McDaniels said, on receiving a bash on the bugle, quote, "Oh dear," and retired to the dressing room.

The third period showed the best

hockey of the whole game. The men were getting the idea behind the thing then, and besides, they had to keep moving, or freeze their feet. Goals were popping in all over the place, as the goalkeepers afforded the maximum co-operation to the forwards. The highlight of this period was the minute which was so ably performed by Bob Driscoll and Greg McDowell. Lloyd Wilson nearly scored in this period, too. He got all lined up on the goal, and blazed away, not realizing that he was opening up on his own goal. When the final whistle was blown, by Cec Robson, who was alleged by the lawyers to be the referee, the score was thirteen to eight in favor of the Gondoliers. As the men trooped off the ice, someone was heard to remark, "Huh, and the theatres charge amusement tax, too."

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Mussolini Blames Britain For Italo-Ethiopian War

(Continued from Page 1)

would never make a war of aggression. He admitted, however, that he was "oil-minded." Should the wells of Baku fail, he would attempt to seize British oil fields in Persia.

In defence of Russia, Stalin claims that the Baltic is Russia's front door to Europe, and she has the right at least of controlling her own front door.

In the speaker's opinion, only ten per cent. of the Russian population had any knowledge of the Finnish campaign. The poor showing of the Russian forces can be attributed to the fact that Russia's military strength is concentrated in the Ural mountains, and that her vast army is but a facade.

Russia could resist the effects of any war better than any other nation because it is extremely self-sufficient and so large that only a small part of the population would be affected.

Mannerheim

General Mannerheim is an elderly man of over seventy, possessing, Miss Forbes stated, the same vitality and clarity of vision as does President Roosevelt of the United States. Deeply religious and, though quite poor, he is a great traveller. A very energetic person, he swims and rides almost daily. His one wish in life was to pass his last years in peace.

When interviewed by the speaker, he expressed the fear that should

Russia break through Finland she would not stop till she got to the North Sea. Then Germany and Russia would unite to form a really formidable menace, with German development on the one hand and Russian resources on the other.

Continuing to mix a lighter vein into the serious side of her subject, Miss Forbes described her meeting with Mussolini, in Milan in 1920, when he was a mere journalist. At that time he was able to rescue her luggage from the hands of the Communists, who had seized the city.

Duce a Genius

To her mind, Mussolini is both a genius and a great statesman, whereas Hitler, though a genius, is no statesman. He is ignorant of other nations and will not heed advice. Mussolini, in addition, has a remarkably retentive memory. Both men have a mutual admiration for the successes that they have accomplished.

Mussolini has always lived alone, and in this way has learned to extricate Italy from entangling alliances. However, in this he has erred, states Miss Forbes; he has become ignorant of what other nations are doing. As a consequence he has underrated Franch, much as Hitler has underrated Britain.

"France in peace time will not support her army and is torn by internal strife, but as soon as an invader sets foot on her soil she presents a united front," said Miss Forbes.

The Italian dictator blames Britain for encouraging Abyssinia to fight when she had nothing to fight for. He acted as he did to prevent partition of Abyssinia by Britain and France. Albania was seized, explained Mussolini, to safeguard heavy Italian investments in that country and to ensure control of the Adriatic. "Britain has so many seas that surely she will not object if we control our own, the Adriatic," he said.

Allies Will Win

Mussolini's great ambition is to colonize. His vast immigrations to Tripolitania under his brilliant general, Marshal Balbo, are achieving a wonderful success. His chances, Miss Forbes states, of annexing Tunisia are remote because of the native loyalty to the French and the strong desert fortifications.

In conclusion, Miss Forbes dealt with phases of the present war. She believes that an allied success is assured because of three main reasons:

- (1) There is a spirit of cowardice or defeatism in every bully.
- (2) British fight better with their backs to the wall—even the Germans admit this.
- (3) Democracy allows for free thinking and initiative, with the result that the best methods are soon found.

Dr. W. A. R. Kerr was chairman, and paid high tribute to the distinguished visitor.

COMMERCE CLUB PLANS BANQUET

Commerce Club of the University of Alberta will hold their annual formal dinner and dance at the Corona Hotel on Friday, March 8, at 7 p.m. About 80 persons are expected to attend.

This is the climax of a successful year's activities in which several business luncheons were held. Membership in the club has been unusually high.

Gunnar Rostrop, president of the club, will act as toastmaster. Bruce Macdonald, graduating senior, will propose a toast to the University. Mr. R. W. Hamilton of the Faculty is to make the reply.

Toast to the graduating class will be made by W. A. "Bill" Milroy, second year student. This will be answered by Percy Powers.

Mr. G. B. Taylor, assistant registrar of the University, will be guest speaker, and will address members of the club on a subject of vital concern to them.

An amusing sing-song program will follow the dinner. Dancing till twelve will complete the evening's program.

Tickets at \$1.75 per couple may be had from any of the following executive members: G. Rostrop, president; Doris Johnson, vice-president; E. O'Meara, secretary-treasurer; class representatives: Bruce Sangster, Bill Milroy, Bob Torrance.

ENTRE NOUS

By MELVIN NELSON

Seattle, February 24.

What Chicago will do about football is a question mark. Trouble began when certain "prying" individuals tried to get a little first-hand knowledge of the size of the football budget.

Recruiting of athletes by athletic officials is forbidden in U.S. colleges, nevertheless recruiting seems to be going on. And football budgets are large because players are allegedly being paid for their turnouts on the gridiron.

A 190-pound high school footballer does not escape the eye of the sports official on the lookout for new material. Many of these get to go to college because they have been made a "good offer." Not unoften, instances have been brought to light where these chaps were allegedly promised \$100 a semester if they would turn out for frosh football, and if they could "hang on to their studies" and manage to graduate, would have jobs procured for them.

Other than playing football, no work was required of these men in order to earn their spending money. One school is said to have started off 65 freshmen on this basis, although only fifteen of this number remained with the squad at the end of the season. Another medium-sized college quotes its football budget as amounting to the annual sum of \$55,000, and this year terminated the playing season on the red-letter side of the account books. Where does the money go? Coaches' salaries (head coach nets approximately \$10,000, equipment, repairs, trips, etc.), game crews, guards, publicity, ushers, movies and awards. Salary for players? Not much! is the claim—after everybody else has had his fingers in the pie, we're broke.

It's still a whopping big budget....

It is Called "Peace on Earth"—a ten-minute movie cartoon that strikes home like a pile-driver. See it. And The March of Time, always to the fore when it comes to new-casting, has released the "Republic of Finland," covering the life of that little nation from 1919 up to the present. Instructive and informative,

it provides an authentic and jolting insight to existing international chaos, the sheer weight of which is slowly crushing the brave efforts of the staunch little republic to defend herself. See it and wonder, and agree with Roosevelt when next you hear and declare, "I hate waaah!"

Two Mighty Planets in the western heavens, their nearness to each other and their relative brightness awakens more than just casual interest.

While thumbing through an old volume of the works of William Bryant we found a poem dedicated to the conjunction of Jupiter and Venus, said by common calendars to have taken place on the second of August, 1826. Evidently the approach of the planets awakened Bryant's poetic impulse which now, 114 years later, bears precisely the same significance as then.

Look, even now,
Where two bright planets in the twilight meet,
Upon the saffron heaven,—the imperial star
Of Jove, and she that from the radiant urn
Pours forth the light of love. Let me believe,
While they are met for ends
Of good,
Amid the evening glory, to confer
Of men and their affairs, and to shed down
Kind influence. Lo! they brighten
As we gaze
And shake out softer fires!...

Continuing to glance through the pages penned by this mighty poet, we accosted a poem dead to our memory for long years, and in a flash awakened; bringing with it the remembrance of a little white grade school trimmed with weather-beaten green. Of barefoot, jean-clad boys. And girls in wash-worn dresses and ribbons in their braided hair. And of a poem that lives again—"To a Waterfowl."

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths,
Dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?...

S.C.M. NOTES

Climaxing a year of varied activities, the S.C.M. will hold their annual banquet and dance at the Corona Hotel, Tuesday, March 12th.

The executive are planning to make this year's banquet and dance the finest in history, and have arranged an interesting and entertaining program.

At the conclusion of the dinner several unique musical numbers will be heard, and two or three amusing skits are being prepared by some of the students to add to the entertainment.

Dancing will comprise the remainder of the evening's program.

One of the brightest promises of the spring that is almost here will be realized on April 26th, when the student camp meets at Fallis on Lake Wabamun for a seven-day camp, ending May 3rd.

The camp will give the students a much-desired opportunity to recover from the worry and strain of that last long grind brought on by the final exams. Those who avail themselves of this opportunity, will be able to enjoy a whole week of complete relaxation with plenty of time to read, to play, to bask in the warm sunshine, acquiring a new coat of tan, to swim, to play ball or hike through the woods or along the beautiful shores of Lake Wabamun.

The camp at Fallis provides all these and more. Camp-fires, moonlight dips, and boating will all be features of the camp.

The executive have emphasized that there is no S.C.M. membership, and that anyone who is interested, critically or otherwise, may attend the spring camp and will find that it will be a very worth-while investment.

Mr. Gerald Cragg, formerly editor of the United Church paper, the "New Outlook," is coming from McGill to act as leader of the camp. Mr. Cragg, recently studying at Cambridge, had almost completed an amazing feat for a book this fall, but lost all his manuscripts when the Athenia, on which he was returning to Canada, was torpedoed. He was in the same lifeboat with Gerry Hutcheson, the president of the S.C.M.

Another imported leader, who is sure to add to the success of the camp, is Horace Burkholder, field secretary of the United Church Young People. He will be coming from Vancouver to attend the camp.

Mr. Watson Thomson of the Department of Extension, who will be the special speaker at the S.C.M. Fireside next Wednesday, will also be a leader.

Other leaders and details of the camp program will be announced in

LAW CLUB HOLDS BANQUET AT MAC

Law Club held its annual banquet at the Macdonald Hotel last Wednesday in honor of the graduating class of sixteen students.

Five Supreme Court judges and all of the Law Faculty were present, in what proved to be the most successful function of the Law Club this year.

William MacKay, president of the club, was toastmaster. Toast to the Bench was proposed by C. D. Williams and was answered by Hon. Chief Justice Harvey, who related the most interesting cases arising out of the War Measures Act of 1914-18.

Lorne Ingle proposed a toast to the Bar and was answered by R. Martland, a former Rhodes Scholar. Dr. W. A. R. Kerr responded to the toast to the University, given by this year's Rhodes Scholar, Neil Gorman.

First year Law students then presented a humorous skit on legal problems. "Roast" to the Faculty was proposed by Mr. Judd Bishop and replied to by Dean J. A. Weir in what one law student called the wittiest, funniest and cleverest speech ever given by anyone.

Last toast of the evening was proposed, and answered by Jim Corbett. Main address of the evening was delivered by Commissioner F. W. Hancock, R.C.M.P. The Colonel's variety of subjects was as polichromatic and universal as his humor. They ranged from the history of the R.C.M.P. to mice, women and horses. "To maintain the right" is the motto of the force, but Mounties don't always get their man, confessed Commissioner Hancock.

"A policeman may not get paid as much as a lawyer, but still, getting only 60c a day they manage to get their beer," declared the Commissioner. He told what "he-men" the R.C.M.P. were in the "old days."

next week's Gateway. The cost of attending the camp for the full seven days will be between seven and eight dollars. This moderate charge includes cost of transportation.

The next S.C.M. Fireside for University students will be held at the home of Mrs. G. E. H. Smith, 9764 89th Ave., Wednesday, March 7, commencing at 8 p.m.

Special speaker for the occasion will be Mr. Watson Thomson, a graduate of Glasgow University, who taught in the Old Country and Eastern Canada. He is well known as a travelling lecturer and for his weekly broadcasts over CKUA and on the CBC. Mr. Thompson will speak on the subject, "Students in the War."

Manitoba Swimmers Win In Inter-Collegiate Gala

A powerful men's and women's swimming team from the University of Manitoba far outstroked teams from Saskatchewan and Alberta in the Y.W.C.A. tank last Saturday, to take possession of both the Griffiths and Felstead trophies, emblematic of Western Canadian swimming supremacy.

Led in point-getting by Colin Ferguson and Cockburn McCallum, the Manitoba men chalked up 37 points, as compared to 15 points for Alberta and a score of 11 for Saskatchewan.

Greatly aided by the performance of Betty Macdonald, the Manitoba ladies took a 20-point lead over Saskatchewan women, with a score of 48-28, while the team of another university totalled 5 points.

Big upset of the meet was the victory of Alberta men over Saskatchewan. With their own pool on the campus, the Saskatchewan swimmers threatened to take high honors, but the final results gave 15 points to Alberta as compared to the 11 points won by the men from Saskatchewan.

For Alberta, Bruce Keith gained 6 points, Jack Flavin 6 points, and a relay team comprising Bruce Keith, Neil Cuthbertson, Bob McDiarmid and Jack Flavin won 3 points for second place in the relay race.

Lineups for Alberta:
Ladies — Mary Kelman Murray, Gerline Rowan, Isobel Frost, Gwyneth Shaw, and Honor Evans.
Men — Bruce Keith, Jack Flavin, Neil Cuthbertson, Bob McDiarmid, Orville Wright, Norman McClary, Ian Robertson, and Brian "Gubby" Gore.

Results
Men's Events
Men's 100 yards back stroke—1, Joe Hall (M); 2, Lorne Maine (M); 3, Jack Davidson (S). Time, 1:12.
Men's 100 yards free style—1, Cockburn McCallum (M) and Colin Ferguson (M), tied; 3, Jack Flavin (A). Time, 61 secs.
Men's 100 yards breast stroke—1, Colin Ferguson (M); 2, Bruce Keith (A); 3, Bram Addy (M). Time, 1:17 4/5.
Men's 50 yards free style—1, Jack Flavin (A); 2, Colin Ferguson

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VARSITY GOLDEN BEARS TRIM Y

The Golden Bears basketball team came through with a fine win against the Y.M.C.A. team Wednesday evening in Commercial gym. Bears were working against a 15-point spot which they handed the Y team. They managed to make up this deficit, and pile up a lead of 10 points besides. The final score was 55 for the Y to 65 for the Varsity squad.

The high scorer of the evening was Dave McElroy of the Bears. Dave potted 17 points all on his own, and ended up the night with a scoring average of 50 per cent. Richards of the Y team was also shooting especially well, and his long shots were very effective. The Bears' shooting average was about 25 per cent., which is better than it was for any of the Intercollegiate games.

This game was in the Intermediate League for the city of Edmonton. The league will soon be all finished up for the year, and the Varsity team should not be far from the top.

NOTICE

Nominations for the offices of President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer and five other executive members of the S.C.M. will be received at the S.C.M. executive office up to March 7th, and may also be handed in at the Fireside to be held that same evening.

All nominations must be signed by at least five students.

Kinney (M); 2, Betty Morton (M); 3, Gerline Rowan (A). Points, 59.3.
Women's relay race—1, Manitoba; 2, Saskatchewan; 3, Alberta. Time, 47.

Meds Trim H. Ec's And Engineers in Second Radio Quiz

Davy Jones, Deane Jones Provide Vocal Entertainment

A three-man team of Medical students took first place Wednesday evening in the second of a series of Interfaculty Quiz competitions which are held each week on the "Varsity Varieties" radio program produced by students of the University of Alberta over CKUA.

The Meds—Bob Pow of Calgary, Armand Weaver of Castor, and Charlie Giles of Edmonton—with a score of 1,375, gained an eight-point victory over an Engineers' lineup of Bob Peck of Calgary and Derrick Berry and Murray Bolton of Edmonton, who had a total of 1,367. A House Ec team, comprising Miss Nellie Coyle of Calgary, Miss Betty Jacobs of Banff, and Miss Eileen Stewart of Edmonton, made 1,175 points out of a possible 1,500.

The "Varsity Varieties" orchestra, organized by Andrew Garrett, played the Varsity Song on several occasions, and during the program Davy Jones sang "Over the Rainbow" and Deane Jones was heard in "If I Didn't Care."

A surprise package on the program was the "Varsity Snapshots" presentation, in which the announcer suddenly called upon unsuspecting members of the studio audience to take part in a little sketch of University life. Five scripts had been prepared, and these were given to Tom Mason, Max Stewart, Leslie Wedman, Alon Johnson and Mary Dillon—none of whom had previously seen the little play. They thereupon were required to read their parts extemporaneously, and to do their best in portraying life in The Gateway office.

Another "snapshot" showed the last three minutes of the basketball game on Saturday between the Golden Bears and the Manitoba Bisons. Sports Announcer Pritchard later received commendation for the realistic effect produced by his play-by-play broadcast combined with the noise of the crowd, as arranged by the sound effects department.

Production manager for "Varsity Varieties" is Fred Pritchard, director of the Provincial News Department, who has organized numerous dramatic productions and sport broadcasts this winter, and who has arranged this series of five Wednesday night presentations.

Bruce Keith was master of ceremonies, and Johnny Maxwell was the "human question box" carried on the quiz competition. Eric Conybeare was both keeping score and announcing, while Fred Pritchard held the gong and arranged sound effects.

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Course in Romance!----

—THE MITRE

Co-eds!
"The two divinest things a man can grab—
A handsome woman in a handsome cab."

—ad. parod.

Thus says the great poet.

How do you measure up in a taxi? Are you popular? Can you hold your own? Do you ever want to get married? Yes? Well, just read on.

In a recent debate it was decided that brains are of more value to a woman than beauty; however, even though you aren't batting 500 in either, don't worry. Technique's the thing these days. In the same way that the C.O.T.C. has its "How to Qualify," so we, the wives of tomorrow, must have our manual of qualifications, procedures, and general conclusions. Are you popular with men? When you enter a room do you notice a restless stir? When you enter a room do they have to set up traffic signals? No? If not, fair damsel, read on. This is only the beginning.

"The Kind of Girl a Man Wants"
What one of us has not heard this perennial question asked by all women: "What does George see in that creature?" Now banish all preconceived notions! You need not be beautiful to be successful in love. One of the outstanding qualifications is a smile, not only of the lips, but of the whole countenance, a sincere and dangerous smile. Do you possess such a smile? You may depend upon it, when HE looks to you for assurance of your continued sweetness, your eyes must smile back, though ever so subtly. Make of your face "a countenance in which did meet sweet records, promises sweet." But remember that emphasis is not on your outward appearances solely. Try to display a joyousness and sweetness of dispo-

sition that approaches childishness in its brightness, its cheerfulness, and its promise of future development. There is nothing more charming than a woman who flits about from room to room like a little bird, clearing away gloom as if by her mere presence. Be "a bird transmuted into a gay young maiden." Be fresh and joyous as a lark. Oh yes! That is "tres necessary."

Are you healthy? You must be! It must show in every pore. But somehow, some way, you must suc-



ceed at the same time in giving an impression of tenderness and frailty, even though you are the star defence on the basketball or the hockey team. And do not be discouraged if you are not "little" or "childlike." Men will often see qualities in you that no one would ever suspect; nay, more qualities than even you, yourself, have suspected. Finally, you must continually think of yourself as an angel, for that is how he will imagine you. And remember that love is blind.

"Developing Your Latent Power"
It is very easy to attain health. How to do it? Does your blood tingle as it courses through your veins? Does every step you take spring with vitality? Do your eyes sparkle and your voice vibrate? Does nature cry out as you pass "Here is my best, my loveliest handiwork?" No? Well you had better become healthy right now. Thousands have done it. You, too, can. Your younger brother trains for the rugby team, so why don't you train for ROMANCE? Try it. You will be amazed how soon your friends will remark: "What a superb concentration of gracefulness and vitality she is!" or "Whatever has happened to Mary!"

"The Real Charm and How To Acquire It"

Have you mental health? Have you joined the Oxford Group? Do not think bitter or unpleasant thoughts. What if exams are here! Crowd them out. Think of holy things. It will show, you know, my dear, in your face, just as it does in the faces of the Divines. That will be the secret of your success. Try to practise a charming manner in this way. Practice on your family and the iceman till they fairly dote on you. Take father, for example. Seat yourself on the arm of his chair at breakfast; playfully snatch the Gazette out of his hands; ruffle up his hair; pinch his cheek and ask him if he doesn't love you. Watch his reactions. (You watch, and tell us.) When you have your family well under the control of your charm you can now stalk bigger game. Try that iceman. What about the good-looking freshman you could go for? How about that professor who is going to flunk you? Try it! You will be surprised at the results.

Are you a good conversationalist? Do you sometimes go for minutes without saying something? Are you shy? Do you sometimes go for days without saying anything? If you cannot think of original things to say, memorize some jokes. Here's one to start you off. Say to him: "There was a little boy fishing in a pool. A policeman came along and said, 'Don't fish here,' and the little boy said, 'I don't know.' That's sure to start something."

Here are some exercises to help you. First stand before your mirror in the privacy of your own room. The right mental attitude is most important. Shut your eyes and flutter your hands helplessly and say to yourself three times slowly, "I am a tender woman at the mercy

of you big strong men." (Be sure your door is locked, because this sort of thing can be hard to explain.) Now, in this mental attitude open your eyes and look in the mirror. What is that look on your face? Now that is the look to feed the troops! Practise it on the milkman in the morning. He will think differently of you from now on.

Another good exercise is to practise a dainty timidity. You may use this with success at the appearance of a mouse, big dog, little dog, bug, spider, Algae, suspicious-looking man or divinity student. Never neglect an opportunity of this kind. If necessary, go out of your way to find a mouse.

Another good exercise is to practise being demure. Stand before your mirror and put on such an air, with your lips struggling to suppress a smile of mischief and your eyes dancing in an otherwise grave face. Then try it on him. This will hold his attention; from now on he will look at you in a new way. These little exercises I have thrown out to you for what you may think them worth. If you practise them assiduously, you will never be the same again.

"Undermining A Man's Reserve"

This can be done. Look for something in him that you can appreciate, and appreciate it for all you are worth. No case is hopeless; if he has neither beauty nor brains, look for something else. Perhaps he has a uniform and is an officer in the O.T.C. Bring out the contrast continually between your femininity and his masculinity. Finally, and this is important, show him that you never, never, never betray a confidence.

It is a good idea to accustom your family to your new and pleasant character. It is embarrassing to have your little brother duck when you merely reach out to smooth his locks.

By now, if you have followed carefully step by step, you will be worshipped, adored and loved. Ah! L'amour. Toujours l'amour. He now loves you. Will he marry you? Can you wangle it?

"Removing the Obstacles"

The two classes of objections a man might have to marrying are: 1. His objections to marrying any one; and 2. His objections to marrying you. Break him down methodically. Go for him tooth and lip-stick. Remember this is a hard world on us weak and frail women. If his reasons are financial tell him that you heard your mother say that two could live cheaper than one. (You will have to be subtle about this if he is taking Maths, honors.) If his objections are to marrying you, remember that under the spell of the moon or stars some romantic evening, or under the stress of emotions caused by a good movie you have selected, or some other occasion when cold reason and good common sense are subdued, he is likely to blurt out his whole secret love for you. And then again he might not. What to do! What to do!

Some men need helping. Do you remember Lowell's poem?

"He stood a spell on one foot fust, / Then stood a spell on t'other, / An' on which one he felt the wust, / He couldn't ha' told ye nuthin'." There is only one thing to do with such a man. Help him along. Maybe he is just flurried at the immensity of the risk he is taking. What did the girl in this poem do? "Says he 'I'd better call agin'; / Says she 'Think likely, Mister'; / That last word pricked him like a pin, / An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her."

This, I think, we might label the provocative method. Try it. It could work for you. It is hard, sometimes to secure action. Remember that it is hard to be sentimental in matters-of-fact surroundings. Avoid these things if you can: (1) A third person (fatal); (2) Bright lights. The lights must be subdued in order to give an atmosphere of peace and quiet which will tend to subdue the nervous warnings of his judgment. Also, soft lights cast a wistful halo around your face, a halo which might not be there otherwise.

As a last resort, some night pretend you are so sad. Mutter to yourself: "A girl has no chance in this life. This is the end. Poison! Poison! That's all there is left for me." If he should open his eyes a bit. If he says nothing to all this, give up the chase then and there. He may say: "Never mind, little girl, if your future is dreary you can share mine." If he says that you have him. Jump quickly! Nail him down. The victory is won! You have succeeded. It was a long struggle, but technique was the deciding factor. Now aren't you glad you read this far?

When the lucky man has finally captured you, please drop me a line, care of the Mitre, for I would just love to see both of you!

When Professor Rudolph Virchow, famous German scientist, criticized Bismarck severely in his capacity as chancellor, Bismarck challenged him to a duel. Well, well, said the scientist to the Iron Chancellor's seconds, "as I am the challenged party, I suppose I have the choice of weapons. They are." And he held up two large sausages which looked exactly alike. "One of these," he continued, "is infected with the deadly germs of trichinosis; the other is perfectly sound. Let His Excellency do me the honor to choose which ever he wishes, and eat it. I will eat the other."

Within an hour the Iron Chancellor had decided to laugh the duel off.—Everybody's Weekly.

More Canadian Campus

Hurray for Women!

The problem of co-education was a very pressing one before the women were allowed into our colleges. Now that they have been let in, the problem is even more provocative. Has it worked? Are there flaws? Should it be abolished? Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Bryn Mawr, Smith, Vassar—do these colleges gain because they are restricted to students of one gender (mustn't say sex) only? Well, The Brunswickian, at the University of New Brunswick, sent a reporter out to inquire, politely, whether the men thought we should get rid of the women. The answer in every case was emphatically "No." We quote some of the comments:

"It's a hell of an idea . . .
In a hive of bees there should
Sugar be something sweet . . ."

"There wouldn't be much fun
without the co-eds . . ."

"I think it would be all right if
there were more co-eds because
there aren't enough to go around
now . . ."

"Ah! an engineer.
"Woman is quite necessary to the
life of man . . . This one is signed
Earl Morrison and orchestra."

"No, because when somebody gives
us a ladies' residence we wouldn't
have anyone to put in it . . ."

Officers and Little Officers.

While Europe blazes over the Altmark incident and wags around town say that Germany is so sore about it she may declare war on Britain, the Canadian campus is still resounding to the marching feet of the C.O.T.C. Every so often the campus newspaper will receive an impressive-looking envelope marked, very ominously, with the letters "O. H. M. S." and open it to find inside that peculiar phenomenon known as "Part I Orders." Where are Part II Orders? And Parts III and IV? At Varsity a military instructor was teaching the young men all about grid north (map north), true north, magnetic north, and the pseudo-magnetic north that results from a faulty compass. It was a long and detailed explanation, and he went through it slowly and painstakingly while the student soldiers listened and some of them yawned. When it was all over the instructor, very red in the face by this time, asked: "Are there any questions?" One young man stood up and said sadly, "I don't get it." The class winced and ducked as the instructor took a deep breath and went over the whole thing over again. Grid north, true north, magnetic north, faulty compass, flourish, and once again the long and detailed explanation is over. The instructor, redder in the face than ever, faces his class and asks again, "Are there any questions?" The class is silent. In the withering gaze and is moved to answer, "I still don't get it—but that's all right. I know a fellow who can explain the whole thing to me."

Fiddle-De-Dee.

Now, this is not Scarlett O'Hara, nor even Nero, who really didn't fiddle—he harped, or lyred. It has just been revealed and unearthed that Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop played the flute and Herr K. von Ribbentrop played the violin in a joint concert at the Town Hall in St. Lambert (near Montreal) on May 9, 1912. The McGill Daily vouches for the fact that the Nazi Foreign Minister fluted within twenty-five miles of their printing plant twenty-eight years ago. I wonder what he's doing now that Rome is burning?

NO MAN'S LAND

by
NAOMI LANG

This war has some slight things to recommend it. For once it won't be fashionable to go to Europe. We can come right out and brag about our trip to Pigeon Lake. The conflict has its humorous sides, too. Children evacuated from London are many of them paying their first visit to the country. Things that impressed one little Cotney, most, he said, was "a lot o' bloomin' grass what yer don't 'ave ter keep off'n." Another hostess noticed that one little chap wasn't eating his morning egg. "Don't you like eggs?" she asked. "Oh, yes, but not these 'ere. They ain't got no taste nor smell."

For Sale: One perfectly good pair of skates. When some people can skate like the stars of the Winter Carnival, it's just no use other people skating the way we do. 'Course, maybe they did it all with mirrors.

It's always an open season for autograph hunters, it seems. An amusing article written on the subject by Jane Cobb contains a delightful George Bernard Shaw story. He was horrified one day to receive a request for autographs from the entire freshman class of the Clay Township High School in Toledo, Ohio. Shaw's reply was brief and to the point: "A school which teaches children to make nuisances of themselves asking for autographs," he wrote, "should be burned to the ground."

"I didn't feel so badly," says a correspondent to a too-well-known American magazine, "because my manuscript landed in the wastebasket. But I did think it was sort of rubbing it in when the janitor who emptied the waste-baskets, sent a rejection slip."

THE MIND OF HERR HITLER; DER FUEHER LIKENED TO FATHER DIVINE BY M. CLAUDE

THE MITRE

Though unlike St. Paul in every other respect, our hero is at least "all things to all men," fickle as an April day. In the hey day of summer he curses Stalin and all his works with a floridity of vituperation such as he reserves mainly for the Jew; and yet, in the sere and falling leaf, his better nature asserts itself, and the deadly foe finds himself embraced as "bosom friend." He signs "pacts" for from ten to twenty-five years duration, and tears them up in as many days. His only real friend Ernst Roehm (unless Rudolf Hess may be so described) was murdered, it is reported, in his bathrobe in the dead of night by the good right hand of der Fuehrer himself. This exploit will be known in history as "The Purge." Possibly Rudolf Hess survives because he so doctored the original version of "Mein Kampf" as to render it fit for publication; another putsch associate, Von Schleicher, was not so lucky as Hess; the purge did not pass him by—nor yet his daughter.

A nod to the wise sufficed, and thenceforth even the leader's closest confederates and comrades in crime thought it safer to set the assassin up as a symbol—almost as a god—cold and aloof, olympian, any familiarity with whom might prove as deadly as a heart-ti-heart communion with a rattlesnake.

Freely admitting that an analysis of this man's mental make-up is rendered especially difficult on account of the elusiveness, not to say "slipperiness" of the patient under observation, I am prepared to offer the opinion that he is a "paranoiac," of a pernicious type. Or else he may be suffering from a racial taint commonly known as "furor teuton-

cus," though I personally favor the former alternative.

How to approach our "subject" is a problem within a problem. Perhaps the safest method is to consult certain well-known authorities on abnormal psychology, and to see how their conclusions fit in with our hypothesis. In this way (but, I admit, in no other) we shall be able to form a dispassionate judgment.

An American authority, Dr. Bridges, says: "the term 'paranoiac' may be applied to a chronic progressive psychosis which occurs mostly in adult life, and develops on the basis of certain character anomalies, viz., conceit and suspicion. It takes the form of false interpretation of facts, and finds hidden and portentous meanings in the most trivial occurrences." This partly explains Hitler's hysterical wails over the devilish treatment of poor unfortunate Germans in Czechoslovakia, Poland, or what not?

Let us see what Prof. Henri Claude has to tell us: "A common characteristic in all forms of paranoia is a strong delusional trend, combined with exaggeration of egocentricity." The delusional trend is manifested in Hitler's being able to see nothing evil in Israel. The author of "Mein Kampf" sees in every Jew a coward, a traitor, a many-adjectived verminous parasite, and conveys the impression that no Jew could ever have achieved the Iron Cross in the last war save by appropriating it, ghoul like, from the dead body of some German hero!

What could be more delusional than this? When we speak of egocentricity in der Fuehrer, it is to laugh! Hitler is the "Father Divine" of Nazidom, who, from his Berchtesgaden Heaven issues portentous orders affecting the lives of millions, and makes world-shattering decisions—after duly consulting his oracles. An American writer suggests that the proximity of Mars to this unfortunate earth really determined the march on Poland this summer. Perhaps so.

To return to M. Claude: "Paranoiac Psychoses are marked by frequent ideas of grandeur, and logical development, and sound systematization in line with mental tendencies." Here is Hitler to a Swastika! Comment were needless! No one can deny the eel-like adroitness with which Germany's master adjusts himself to the ever-shifting scenes of the political kaleidoscope that we call Europe. Moreover, paranoia partly explains der Fuehrer's clearly pathological divergences from the truth. For on this point Claude observes: "The delusional changes and stories are incoherent and frequently absurd—the reasoning poor."

Once more lets resort to M. Claude's book for light on the dark recesses of this monster's mind. "The delusional activity may not fully manifest itself for many years, permitting social adaptation to continue. The delusional formation is coherent, only slowly expanding;

the memory is good, the intellectual activity intense, the emotional reactions are lively." All these characteristics apply to Hitler. Our proofs are certainly piling up. Therefore, with profoundest regrets I must insist that, quite irrespective of the success or failure of this man's schemes, even though his name may be blazoned as greatest among leaders of men, the fact remains that eighty millions of supposedly sane and civilized people have, in this our day and generation, set up as an idol—a substitute for God—a monomaniac, an hysberic, a paranoiac!

But it may be suggested that Monsieur Claude, being obviously a Frenchman, cannot be trusted in the premises.

Let us, then, consult another authority possessing a decidedly teutonic patronymic—Herr Bleuler. This psychologist states that a paranoiac is almost always "litigious." "He does not hesitate to urge documents and perjure himself without limit in order to win his ends. Failing to obtain satisfaction otherwise, he may recourse to plots of revenge, even to murder. Needless to say, such an individual believes himself incapable of committing any wrong, and therefore is convinced that the other person is the offender."

This is Hitler to the life! I shall close with a word from Dr. Freud, exiled and robbed and ransomed at the age of eighty-two, when der Fuehrer seized Vienna. As the old gentleman is dead now, I shall do him no harm by quoting him:

"The potential paranoiac is characterized by a mental or physical inflexibility, a definite proneness to rigid and unyielding mental constellations—sentiments, attitudes, ego-identifications, and always goes on with an idea of exalted personal significance."

Why seek further testimony? All signs point to the correctness of my original hypothesis—Paranoia.

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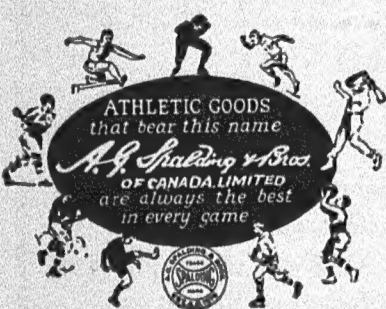
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